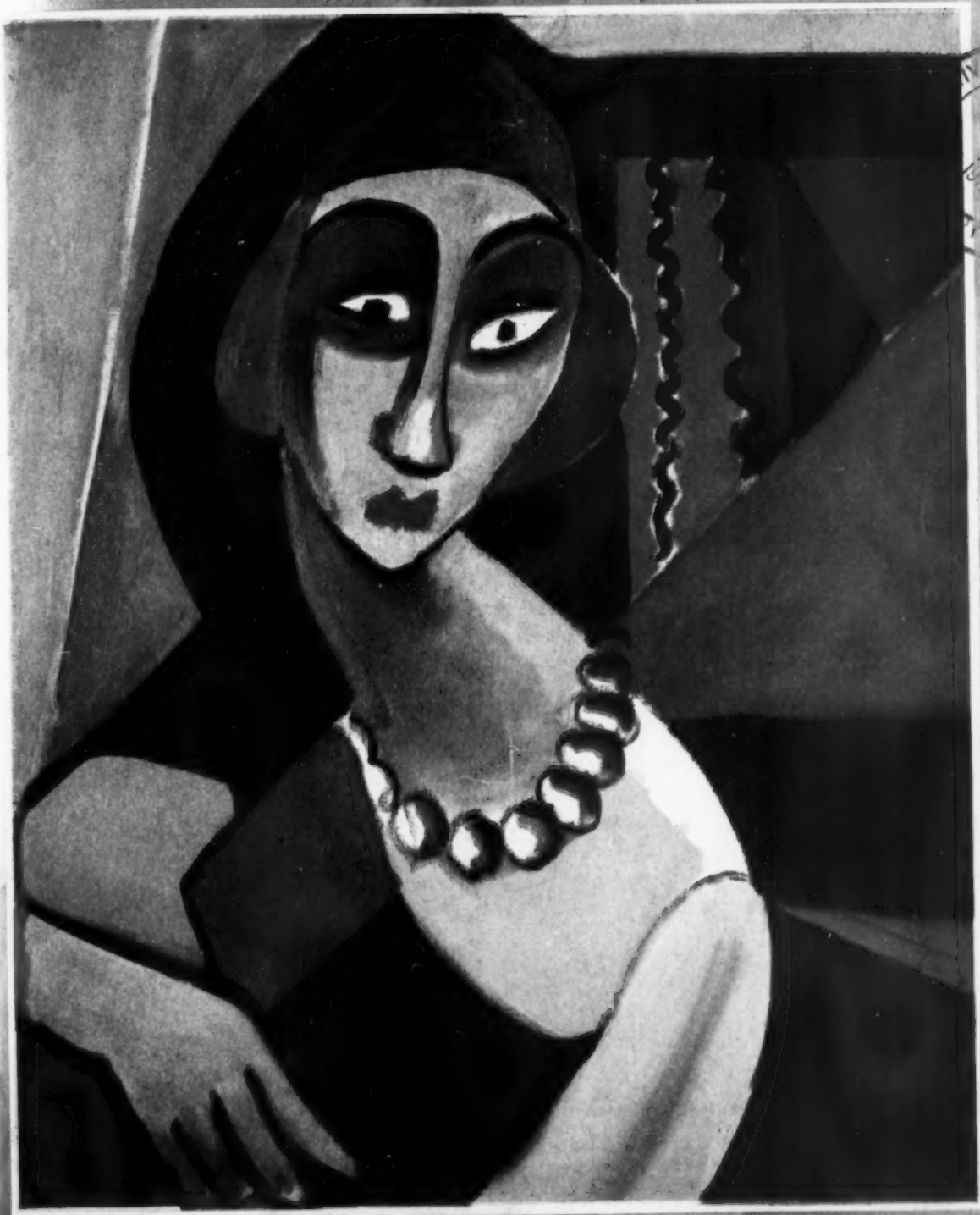


MODERN ART NUMBER

May
23,
1930

Life

Price
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No. 37,
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"I see by the papers..."



IT is becoming almost a feminine fashion to explain to the apt-to-be-forgetful male that Schrafft's chocolates and candies—once sold only in the thirty-six Shattuck-owned Schrafft's stores—are now being sold by Schrafft's dealers in cities and towns throughout the country.

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But should it fail—then we suggest more stringent measures. Just stop wherever you see the name Schrafft's and personally purchase a box of these delicious candies!

D'or Elegant
Diminutive chocolates in a handsome metal box. \$2.00 a pound.

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Small pieces with choice centers of many kinds. \$1.50 a pound.

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Illustrated above is the Sport Coupe priced \$655 at the Flint factory



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From the time of its introduction, the new Chevrolet Six has been enjoying an exceptional vogue among those who refuse to compromise with quality.

To be sure, they obtain in the Chevrolet Six those elements of smoothness, quietness, comfort and safety which are so essential to motoring enjoyment. But equally important is the fact that Chevrolet lines, silhouette, finish and appointments bespeak smartness, taste and discrimination.

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SIX-CYLINDER SMOOTHNESS AT LOW COST

Life



"Matasso's slipping."
"Yep, getting sentimental."



ALL FOUR: No, this can't be the right way!

Modern Art—Its Future

Buy wisely, and buy well.

For modern art has come to stay. One of the world's finest collections is staying in the salon of the Ginsberg Van and Storage Company. Unique specimens may be found in many other splendid old warehouses.

Dealers will tell you that these works are assured values. Younger artists are going in for form, lacking the background and technic of the old masters. The geometry of these young radicals is terrible, and many of them can't tell a cosine from a rhomboid. Imagine.

So start your collection now, as the storage is mounting all the time. Don't pass up this opportunity. There may never be another revolt of the angles.

It's easy to tell if it's a friend or a bill collector at the door. Just wait a while and if it's a bill collector he won't go away.

Affluence is when you are making so much money you even have enough to pay the doctor something on account.

It's probably just imagination, but just after getting a haircut we always think we can hear better.



"I meant to tell you. It's for a parlor—not a passport."

Anagrams

Scramble up some fun for yourself. Take each word given below, rearrange the letters in it and with the one given letter make up the new word which is defined.

- (1) Scramble *crate* with an *n* and get a good drink.
- (2) Scramble *manger* with a *t* and get something to wear.
- (3) Scramble *faints* with a *g* and get something that causes them.
- (4) Scramble *gaits* with an *m* and get something you hope won't attach to you.
- (5) Scramble *neater* with an *s* and get what every young man should be.
- (6) Scramble *sneer* with an *e* and get calm.
- (7) Scramble *suave* with an *l* and get some things worth while.
- (8) Scramble *reading* with an *a* and get something on Grover Whalen.
- (9) Scramble *clues* with an *m* and get something on your arm.
- (10) Scramble *Norse* with a *p* and get somebody.

(Answers on Page 28)



"Listen, Kentucky Derby, are you with me in this or not? That's the third hurdle I've made alone!"

How to Get a Mouse Out of the Pantry

Tell mouse it is putting on weight. Mouse will weigh self daily. Will worry. Go on diet. Feel tempted by pantry. Leave.

Inform mouse it is member of rodent family. Mouse will get conceited. Will look up ancestors. Decide self is gentleman. Come out into parlor.

Turn real estate salesman loose on mouse. Mouse will be sold. Will want to own own home. Will buy lot in development. Become field mouse.

Have radio croon softly to mouse. Mouse will feel call of love. Will mate. Raise large family. Move uptown.

Beat path to door of man who makes better mousetrap than neighbors. Buy trap. End of mouse.

—W. W. Scott.

The country won't be really crime-ridden till machine guns come in colors.

Tea rooms are plentiful because they are so easily started. All you need is a barrel of mayonnaise and some things.

A handy thing to have around an automobile is a pull with the police.

Sad Blow

I'll have to buy a radio, a radio, a radio,
And haven't got the wherewithal to
even buy a hat.
My thoughtless neighbor, Mr. Dowd,
Whose radio played good and loud
Has joined the swell suburban crowd
And given up his flat!

—Arthur L. Lippmann.



"Sst! Eddie, the boss!"



CRITIC: *Why, man, it's stupendous!*

(6)

OLIVE GREEN,
THE MUCH-
DESIRED



Art We All?

by Marian Dietrick

ACT TWO.

Scene: A studio in the city. OLIVE GREEN is a model, and Mr. BROWN is in the Process of trying to win her, but shellacs the inclination.

Mr. BROWN (*softly*): If there Vermilion girls in the world, I would love only you!

OLIVE GREEN (*coolly*): Oh, Mr. Brown, you're such a j-Ochre!

Mr. BROWN: But I don't Sienna-thing funny about that! Come, mauve

though I like them Fat Oil right, and sometimes like them Thinner, I really prefer them Medium, like you!

OLIVE GREEN (*haughtily*): I will give you a smock in the eye!

Mr. BROWN (*seizing her*): Aha, now I am getting Madder and Madder!

OLIVE GREEN (*hitting him*): Leave loose, or I will make your Lamp Black!

Mr. BROWN (*removing Vandyke beard*): Olive! And to th-ink that I doubted you! Ah, Waterproof of your love!

OLIVE GREEN (*incredulously*): Ash Gray! Is statue?

ASH GRAY (*lovingly*): Yes, it is indeed I, for I resolved to follow you or bust. For I knew that Life would not be Still Life, without you.

OLIVE GREEN (*repentingly*): But what can I do T-square myself with you?

ASH GRAY (*fondly*): Why, you can easel-y fix-atif you really wish to. For now I ask you engrave an I serious tone to wed me, for

I am fairly etching to take you in my arms and print a kiss upon your lips!

OLIVE GREEN (*softly*): I love hue! So Indigo to buy a wedding ring . . .
(Curtain)

Characters:

OLIVE GREEN, just a country Sap.

ASH GRAY, who is a trifle blue.

Mr. BROWN, an artist, who has a Vandyke beard.

(Theme Song: Don't Know Water-Color, But She's Mighty Lacquer Rose.)

ACT ONE.

Scene: A humble farmhouse. OLIVE GREEN is packing her Air Brush and comb.

(Enter ASH GRAY.)

ASH GRAY (*sadly*): I have red your letter. And so you woodcut our love in twain.

OLIVE GREEN (*lightly*): Yes, I feel the great city drawing me, for I have become so board here.

ASH GRAY (*darkly*): So, then, you too are Scarlet Lake all the rest.

OLIVE GREEN (*wistfully*): You have been such a palette grieves me to depart. But perhaps some day I will be Carmine back again.

ASH GRAY: No, for you are the kind that brushes true love aside to become a woman who paints her face!

OLIVE GREEN: Come, come, do not lose your Tempera-gain.

ASH GRAY (*angrily*): Alas, you are a woman who goes where'er the winds of chance may blower, and who craves gold in the same way atomizer does!

OLIVE GREEN (*growing a little pale*): But I crave only to ride on the Hudson Tubes!

ASH GRAY (*becoming white with black rage*): You will meet one of those artist fellows who will get you in his t-oils, and you will be clay in his hands! But you have picture course, so go! Opaque your trunk, and varnish from my sight!

(Exit.)



over and let me sit beside you.

OLIVE GREEN (*warily*): You seek to violet my innocence!

Mr. BROWN (*suavely*): Why, you know I would not fool orchid you!

OLIVE GREEN: But all artists lilac everything!

Mr. BROWN (*protestingly*): But I Magenta'll have you know!

OLIVE GREEN: I have never scene an artist who was not a drunkard, have view?

Mr. BROWN: Why, I have never Cinnabar in my life! (Com-poses passionate love-song):

What are you crayon for?

Come, dryer tears away!

For I will make you as happy Azure Blue today!

OLIVE GREEN (*sadly*): I had a boy-friend, but the one I New Blue.

Mr. BROWN (*ardently*): Then Ivory-quest to make! Take me instead, for





*"No, I'm afraid this Louis Fourteenth bed is much too small.
Haven't you a Louis Fifteenth?"*

Waiting for Lois

SHE said seven and here it is a quarter after. Here I sit like an imbecile. Waiting. Why can't that girl ever be on time? If all the time I've wasted waiting for her was placed end to end—still she'd be late. What a chump I am for putting up with it. I'm not going to be her puppy dog any longer. I'll go have my dinner and let her whistle for hers. Darned if I'll sit here any longer. Well, I'll give her five minutes more. That girl is really impossible. I'm going to tell her so. She isn't the only girl in this hemisphere, you know. I'm a pretty smart guy. I could easily find another girl. I will, too. When she shows up—if she shows up, I'm going to give her the worst bawling out she ever got. If it makes her sore, O. K. I won't die of a broken heart. I'm pretty healthy. It's an outrage. Humiliating. If she means a quarter of eight, why doesn't she say a quarter of eight? Women are just a nuisance. What a nice, placid, comfortable place this world would be if there weren't any women. Especially *that* woman. So help me—I'm going to bust up with her. If I don't, she'll make me so mad that I'll beat her up some day. Wait.

All I do is wait. And I'm hungry. I'm starving. This is positively the last time I'll let her make a monkey of—"Oh, hello Lois. No, honey, you're not very late. I just got here, dear. You look awful sweet tonight, darling."

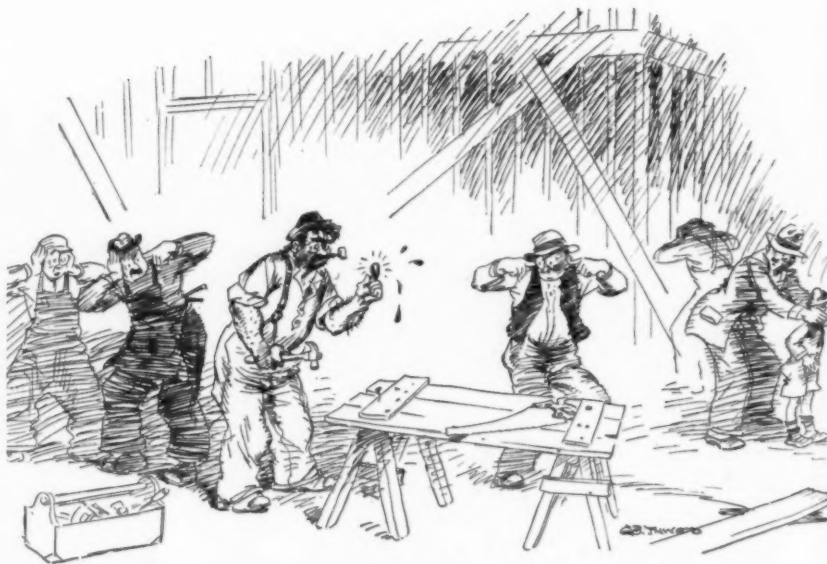
—Robert Lord.

Boloney

Wilhelm Von Wurzburg? A merchant was he,
Who vended the zweibach and coffee and tea,
And anything else that was in his possession—
For the store that he kept was a delicatessen.
And this was his motto, "Gild it or slice it,
Boil it or fry it, grind it or ice it,
Dress it in silks, and make it look phoney—
Hide it—
Deride it—
It still is boloney."

"Fish may be caviar," Wilhelm oft said,
"And biscuits be buns, though as heavy as lead,
Milk may be cream, and lettuce be salad,
And stews have some names not perfectly valid.
But chop it, or paint it, or hang it up high,
Make it artistic to touch and to eye,
Shake it—
Or bake it—
In real macaroni,
Stew it—
Or chew it—
It still is boloney."

—A. F. M.



"Pshaw!"



SINBAD
Sweet dreams.

Life in Washington

HOOPER is beginning to hope he may not have to go into second gear to make the grade before the fall elections. For the first time in a year, his political super-chargers are beginning to function. The House knocked debenture out of the tariff. The Naval Treaty will pass the Senate, though not without serious ink-shed. Now that the Japanese are yelling "Traitors!" at their delegates and the British Die-Hards are denouncing the Three-Power Pact, suspicion of a "British trap" is dwindling and fear of jingo clap-trap is on the wane. On the other hand, there is a notable decrease in Hoover-

esque enthusiasm for Dwight Morrow's Senatorial ambitions. Why should the White House nourish another "logical candidate" for the Presidency? They may try to put Morrow out of the way by sending him back to Mexico. Perhaps, however, he won't be allowed to drink the diplomatic hemlock.

The rum rebellion smoulders on. This is the popular alibi which will make or break the Administration. Hoover calls for bigger prisons, stricter laws, more judges and a District enforcement law. It seems that only one-third of Federal prisoners are offenders against the dry law. Whom the voters wish to destroy they first make dry, according to Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls.

Lawyers and physicians favor repeal, bankers stand fifty-fifty, ministers and school-marms are dry as Death Valley. Captain Stayton gave the Senate lobby committee some jabs below the Bible Belt. He pictured Hoover as realizing that Prohibition is a failure but being dry for the votes he could pick up. He said that six Cabinet members knew that the Immaculate Amendment was a wash-out; no denials were made by the Secretaries mentioned: Stimson, Mellon, Adams, Lamont, Davis and Brown. Prohibition agents disguised themselves as gentlemen and raided the Fraternity Clubs Building in New York, but dry killings have fallen off. Somehow people don't like them. The Supreme Court is still trying to decide whether the rum-buyer is a felon. The decision will be made with one eye on the Bill of Rights and the other on the *Literary Digest*.

Where the Administration is making its real flop is in its business policies, and it is this flop that will beat Hoover unless he does the hat-trick between now and 1932. Julius Barnes said that business was now much better than fundamentally sound; the Chamber of Commerce responded by giving the Hoover Farm policies a terrible ride. Secretary Hyde lost his head and Legge had to run fast to prevent a score. Then Hoover came out with a ukase saying that Happy Days were here again, that the slump was over, and that his Business Council would only hold a post-mortem on the recent panic.

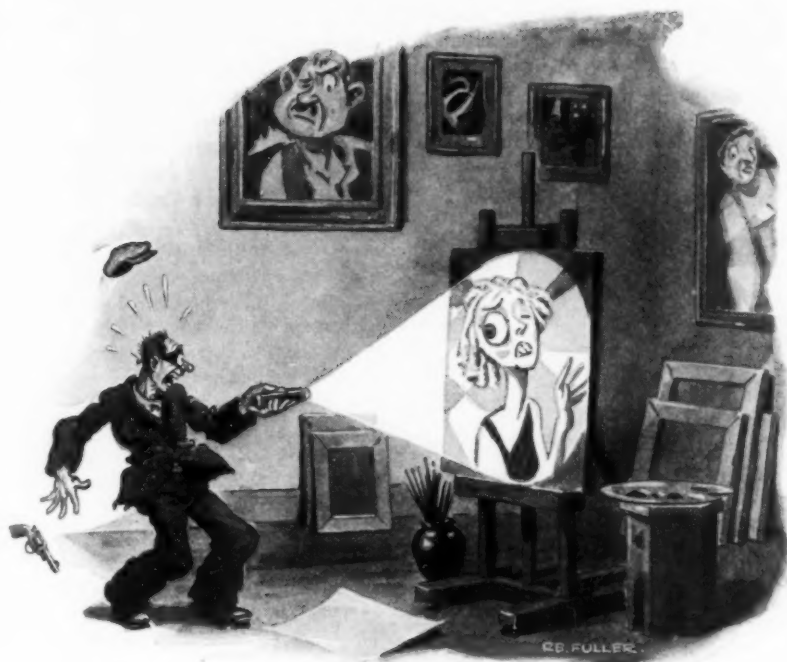
The next day, the Stock Market began to burrow for the center of the earth in the worst drop of the year. Canada pulled a new tariff, thus retaliating against the noble experiment of protecting the farmer by high duties on stuff we don't import. And lightning extinguished the torch on the Statue of Liberty as the bank-rate dropped to 3% and preparations were made to sell us \$100,000,000 worth of German reparation shimplasters.

The tide on the Potomac is very low these days and Administration boomers are strangely silent. The White House has scored on only two big points: the celebration of Child Health Day to counteract the Communist May Day and the recent orders to the Navy and Marine Corps to write home on Mother's Day.

—J. F.



"I've taken some snapshots that came out like that myself!"



"Awk!"

How to Keep a Friend:

1. Loan him money.
2. Give him a tip on the market.
3. Invite his wife to luncheon.
4. Admire his stenographer.
5. Beat him at golf.

How to Lose a Friend:

1. Loan him money.
2. Give him a tip on the market.
3. Invite his wife to luncheon.
4. Admire his stenographer.
5. Beat him at golf.

—W. E. W.

The enjoyable thing about a clarinet is that in an emergency it can be used as a funnel.

We are always afraid a coffee percolator is going to strangle.

There are days when we wish we were a wizard at something, and then again we are glad we are not, because it might be at saw playing.

A doorman in uniform feels just as good as a general and looks better and doesn't have to worry about how his army is getting along.

A quart of buttermilk always looks sort of reproachful when you open the refrigerator to get out some ice cubes for the cocktail shaker.

And anyone who objects to what I've written is freely invited to go to hell.

—H. L. Mencken.



"Oh, John dear! Did you know the crocuses are up?"
"I wish you wouldn't pay so much attention to the neighbors."

Little Rambles With Serious Thinkers

Toscanini has nothing to fear from Rudy Vallée.

—Rev. John Haynes Holmes.

Eating when one is hungry is always enjoyable.

—Bernarr Macfadden.

The city is far behind the country. Our job is trying to educate the city people, to give them a chance to catch up with the people in rural districts.

—F. Scott McBride.

Any man who has drunk a glass of beer is drunk.

—Professor Irving Fischer.

What I write I do not always understand myself at first.

—Count Herman Keyserling.

If there were no diet experts influencing the people in what they should eat there would be no farm product surplus.—Secretary of Agriculture Arthur M. Hyde.

Mrs. Pep's Diary

by
Baird
Leonard

APRIL 29—Very wroth this morning with my husband because he did persist in calling me by one of the names with which I was christened and which I have long since discarded, a renouncement for which nobody could blame me, the cognomen being Leola, and when I once did question my mother as to why she had given me such a ridiculous name, she responded that she had found it in a book shortly before my arrival on this earth and had chosen it for its alliterative qualities. The only other person, save Mistress Lester Armour, whom I have ever known to be so afflicted, was a schoolmate of mine, and when I interviewed her on the subject, she said that her father, who was an ironmonger, had named her for a stove. Samuel seems to think that "Leola" would look well on the side of a yacht, but I do tell him that if he owned such a craft, the signature "Mud" would not offend me. Marge Boothby in for luncheon, which she ate heartily without qualms, having read in some magazine that everything in life is mental, which, as a matter of fact, it is, but the trouble with most of

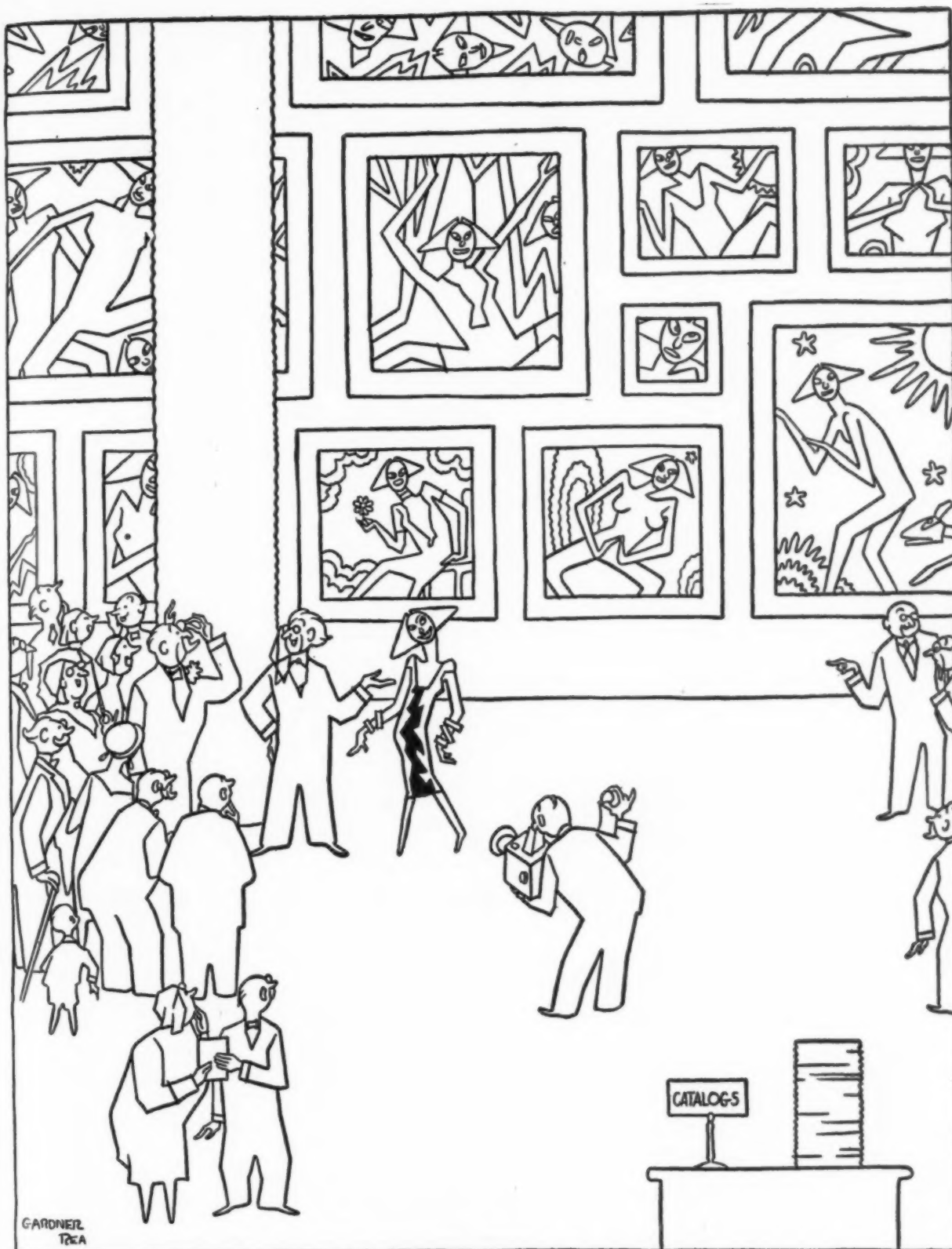
such propaganda is that it does not make allowances for the cerebral deficiencies of the people who are going to interpret it. Then to the chaise-longue, reading "The Party Dress," a novel not matching "Cytherea," but of similar theme, and I was again struck how Joseph Hergesheimer's books make his readers exceeding thirsty, the beverage featured this time being rum swizzle, and I do recall whilst reading "Balisand" wondering how the Colonial gentlemen responsible for the founding of this country could even sign the papers requisite thereto, since they were never away from a strong and flowing bowl.

MAY 1—Awakened this day with a gastronomic misery so great that I did pray my nurse to give me something which would put me out of it, and my pleading so sincere that I did mark her slyly hiding everything in the medicine chest which might aid me in doing away with myself, and I wish to set down here and now that the remedy which did cause my agony most to abate, after a tremendous amount of elaborate and costly dosing, was a patent nostrum which we did find by accident. And now I should no more think of leaving home without a bottle of the stuff than I

should go without my prayerbook or my tweezers. Dozing on some curious things whilst under the influence of the sedatives which they did give me, but taking great care to think never a thought of operations, a feat finally accomplished by dwelling on such whimsies as the black lace dress I had in college, which, because it had a train and was a dignified looking garment, was borrowed by all the girls who took the part of dowagers in the various plays, so that I did have but small wear out of it myself. Also the prevailing notion that individuals will, at the cry of fire, save the most ridiculous of their possessions, and it was borne out in one instance by I myself, who did drag down several flights of stairs an uncostly replica of the Venus de Milo, and once Christine Graham in Northampton did pick up a club pin for which she could not possibly have laid out more than three dollars and left behind clothing and furs worth several thousands. This day my servant Bertha did send down with the garbage a cheque for one hundred dollars, but I cannot think of dismissing her for that she does make the best Spanish omelette I have ever eaten.



"Oh, the inhumanity of it! Leaving a poor dog out all night in a storm like this!"



SUCCESSFUL MODERNIST: *I owe it all, gentlemen, to the little woman!*



CHICAGO — Dr. William Weygandt, noted German psychiatrist, says that "modern art is an expression of insanity." He declared that the paintings turned out by inmates of insane institutions compared favorably with the best canvases exhibited in leading American galleries devoted to modernism.

BRANDON, Iowa—Herman Brock put a radio in his barn, for use when milking. It soothed the cows and they gave more milk. *Which makes Amos n' Andy just a couple of butter and gag men.*

CHICAGO—Charles Zeller, formerly a coal dealer and now a newcomer in local politics, was appointed secretary of the City Department of Public Service. He served one day, and came home hatless, coatless and manhandled, declaring, "I am going back to the coal business—it's cleaner."

HOLLYWOOD—Dr. Herbert T. Kalmus declares that color photography is prolonging the career of motion picture stars. A star's life in the pictures formerly averaged only ten years, and now it can go to twenty or even twenty-five.

GATESVILLE, S. C.—A Gates County farmer is nullifying prohibition with watermelons. When they are nearly ripe, he feeds them whiskey through an incision in the vine, and the fruit acquires a potent kick, untouchable by law.

NEW YORK—A French viscount was refused admittance to the United States today on the ground that he might go to work.

Arriving on the liner *Westernland*, Viscount Louis de la Bassettiere presented a one year's visitor visa. A special board of inquiry at Ellis Island decided he might be tempted to accept a job and ordered him excluded.

CINCINNATI — Miss Marjorie Schiele was disinherited by her mother, a luminary of London society, because the girl preferred to live in Cincinnati rather than in London. "You will be in an important social position," her mother had urged. "There is a possibility of entertaining the Prince of Wales." But Marjorie's answer was, "I want to stay with grandma."

MINNEAPOLIS—Thomas W. Shevlin claims to be the first man in America arrested for speeding. He was fined \$10 for exceeding the speed limit in 1902. He was traveling at ten miles per hour.

NEW YORK—It is rumored that Police Commissioner Whalen is casting loving glances at the mayoralty chair. Mr. Whalen first sprang into prominence when, as head of the city's official reception committee, he successfully greeted twenty thousand Elks at a mean cost of 1.6 cents per head.

EVANSTON—Mrs. Elsie Richards' neck bore finger marks, and Thomas Joranger's head had a deep gash in it.

The police got a call from Mrs. Richards, a widow. She said a man had choked her and was even then in an alleyway near her apartment. The police found Joranger, rubbing his head. Mrs. Richards, he said, had heaved a milk bottle with unerring aim.

As the law was about to lock Joranger up, Mrs. Richards stepped forward.

"Don't jail him," she said. "He couldn't pay a fine. Besides, we intend to get married next week."

BOSTON—Miss Nora Zinner, convicted of a liquor law violation, was placed on probation on condition that she write the court regularly. But she got married, and when her husband found she was writing to another man, he made her stop. She was thereupon called into court for violating her probation promise, and paid a \$100 fine to end the impasse.

And Abroad

OBERAMMERGAU—Anton Lang and his daughter, who were to appear in the famous Passion Play, resigned from the cast. Fierce personal quarrels were the cause. Their parts were to have been the Christus and the Madonna.

FRANKFORT-AM-MAIN — Dr. Otto Melle, president of the German Methodist Theological Seminary, says Germany will never consent to a prohibition law. "It will not tolerate it, on account of the example of the United States. In fact, American prohibition has been a detriment to temperance throughout the world."

TRONDHJEM, Norway—A shooting gallery here used models of the ex-Kaiser of Germany and his Crown Prince as targets. Germany societies protested the indignity. The galleries thereupon agreed to take down the effigies, but facetiously pointed out that the targets had been "made in Germany."

EDINBURGH — An honest lad found six dozen hen's eggs, and brought them to the police station. No one has called for them, and according to the law they must be kept in the station house for six months before disposal. The police wish he had not been so honest.

RIGA, Latvia—Communism has no room for spring poets. Poems on spring are so much maudlin sentimentalism.

Such are the decisions of Felix Kohn, the newly appointed director of fine arts in Moscow. He intends "to renovate art on proletarian lines." The first step in this direction is the elimination of spring.



"I tell you, Sam, modification sentiment is dry sentiment."

"Then why do you stand against modification?"

Theatre • by Ralph Barton

THE audience laughed pretty steadily at "Lost Sheep," the new entertainment at the Selwyn Theatre, but the laughter came from the wrong direction. It broke out, again and again, in the highest and farthest reaches of the balcony and rolled forward, spilling over the parapet into the orchestra, and petering out almost entirely as it approached the stage. "Lost Sheep" is built around a good idea, which, had the most been got out of it by its author, would have ignited the laughter at the footlights, from whence it would have spread, row by row, in alphabetical order, to the last row of the balcony, and might even have been heard, during lulls in the traffic, just beyond that point where the motion picture audiences and shooting gallery patrons begin. (There goes another crack at the movies in spite of all I could do to prevent it. Ever since the talkies came in I have been running down motion pictures and it is difficult to overcome the force of habit all of a sudden. For years, I have been complaining that I could not fall under the spell of the movies and people have been retorting hotly that that was because I had never seen a really good movie and I have been retorting back that that was precisely what I was complaining about. But now I have seen a really good movie—"All Quiet on the Western Front." I couldn't make out what the actors were saying because the phonograph behind the screen needed having its needle changed desperately, but it was a good movie as a movie and it converted me. At a little ceremony held in the LIFE office the other day, I suffered Harry Evans to plant a swift kick where it would do me the most good in the presence of the assembled staff and I hereby apologize to all movie fandom, members of which may have a photograph of the kicking rite by enclosing \$9 in stamps. My antipathy to shooting galleries, on the other hand, remains unchanged.)

"Lost Sheep"—to get back to my own business—is just another example of an author being so excited over the fact that he has hit upon an excellent idea for a play that he has completely neglected to write a play for his idea. All the best plays, anyway, are written around practically no idea at all. "Alfred loves Ida and they are married" is enough idea for a thousand beautiful

plays. The moment an author nangs anything more complicated or less plastic in the way of ideas around his neck he is obliged to write at it. Every speech must be fashioned to fit it, his actors are tongue-tied by it, it clogs his fountain pen and makes his little play turn out to be what is known in Montreal as a mess.

The idea that sits on "Lost Sheep" is this: a sweet-minded clergyman, his pious but somewhat blowzy looking wife and their three pretty daughters move from Clapham to take up a new



Unsung heroes of Broadway: The name specialist who thinks up all the names to give to the hundreds of characters in plays like "Street Scene" and "Subway Express."

living in Higher Hampstead, where they are installed, by an unscrupulous estate agent, in what has been a house of ill-fame. The clergyman and his family are, of course, ignorant of the former reputation of the house and they settle themselves around on the red plush furniture and wait for all the other actors to walk out on the stage and be confused by the situation. The telephone rings and patrons ask for Martha. A top-hatted, eyeglassed, jolly-old-this-and-jolly-old-that stage Englishman of the vintage of 1896, an old customer of the house, fetches in the idiotic hero. The servant who used to work for the house comes back for her old job. The vicar and the police storm in to shut the place; and everybody takes the clergyman's wife for the new madam and his daughters for the

new girls, individually and in assorted groups, until all the possible combinations have been used up. The joke is necessarily the same each time it is cracked and it becomes painful sharply at three minutes after nine. Too bad.

The thing is played by as nice a cast as you could ask for. It's the first time I've ever seen Ferdinand Gottschalk, who plays the clergyman, in a thoroughly bad play, and it's the first time I've ever seen A. P. Kaye defeated by his lines and making a bad job of a Cockney. Cecilia Loftus does too well by the part of the clergyman's wife, and I broke down and wept to see that angelic little Sidney Fox mixed up in such low business.

OUR statistical department has been working on a report covering the back-stage conditions at the Mansfield Theatre where "The Green Pastures" is playing. The census of the all-Negro cast has been completed. The population, it was found, is exactly equal to that of Everett City, Georgia. Richard B. Harrison, who plays the Lord, has been elected Mayor for the run of the play, and Daniel L. Haynes is Police Commissioner. The community is wet in sentiment by a majority of 93, and gambling is wide open, but a strict limit, fixed by one of Mayor Harrison's commissions, is set on all games of chance with highly beneficial results to the general prosperity and peace of the people.

The community's leading industries are woodcarving, tap dancing, close harmony and plain and fancy washing and ironing. In the month of April, it exported \$219.36 worth of fried chicken to Cuba, with which republic it enjoys a growing trade. The Baptist Church is the established religion, but there are a Christian Science Reading Room, an Anglican Chapel and a Synagogue. The civic debt is \$529.66, all funded.

Since the opening night, seven couples have been married and five divorced. One of the divorced couples has remarried. Twenty-six children have been born and they have all been named after Marc Connelly, with the exception of the girls, who were named Marcina.

The stage hands move about at their work by means of a system of overhead trolleys.



*Francis Williams, who replaces Gertrude Lawrence in "The International Revue,"
and Ferdinand Gottschalk in "Lost Sheep."*

Movies • by Harry Evans

"All Quiet On The Western Front"

IF IT is true that the United States is becoming peace conscious, and that the great minds are seeking means of educating the country against war, there is no better way to start than to present the unreasonable consequences of warfare to children in a manner they will remember. As a means of accomplishing this end, LIFE recommends that parents take their youngsters to see three motion pictures: "Journey's End," "The Case of Sergeant Grischa," and "All Quiet On The Western Front." They will be subjected to scenes of reality that may give them an unpleasant shock, but the consequences would surely seem more desirable than allowing children to regard war as a splendid adventure. This common attitude has been fostered, naturally enough, by pride in "what Dad did in the Big War"—a justifiable sentiment and not to be discouraged. However, it is time they realized that all the glory belongs to Dad, and none to the war.

"All Quiet On The Western Front" makes no concessions for those of us who do not enjoy watching men kill each other. Neither does war. In its original form (and we hope the censors do not mutilate it before it reaches you) the film presents a grim picture of trench warfare—a picture that shows men being forced to outrage every human, decent instinct—and then, leaving the field of glory, it leads you into the quiet misery of the hospital and thoroughly shatters the once popular belief that men enjoy suffering for the sake of patriotism. It is one thing to stand in a pleasant park with hat in hand and develop goosebumps to the tune of a stirring national air,

and something else again to have a leg taken off.

There is one scene in a bedroom that may be a bit difficult to explain to the youngsters, but some narrow-minded censor will probably chop it off before it gets very far, so don't worry about it.

A young man named Lewis Ayres gives one of the most distinctive performances we have ever seen. He should have an interesting future. There are also fine characterizations by Louis Wolheim, Slim Summerville, Russell Gleason and William Bakewell.

It has been a long while since Universal turned out so fine a movie. May it serve as an example for their future activities.



"Perhaps I am a little fussy, Mrs. Peebles, but I couldn't enjoy a week-end anywhere without my own bed."

"The Ship From Shanghai"

HERE we have a striking example of the importance of the motion picture director. Louis Wolheim, whose work we found so excellent in "All Quiet On The Western Front," also appears in "The Ship From Shanghai"—in fact he is by far the most important character in the picture—and the picture is one of the worst we have seen in a long while.

It is one of those movies that make you laugh at the wrong time. Louis, the steward on the yacht, leads the crew in mutiny and takes over the command. This, so we are told by an

elderly woman who does nothing but sit around and make psycho-analytical cracks, is because he is possessed with the king complex. The elderly lady blames the same complex when Louis wants the beautiful blonde gal. The gal, of course, does not want Louis. But what to do? He has her lover in his power and will do away with him unless, pause, dash, dash. Just when you think she will have to "unless," she points at Louis and says, "Why man, you are mad—a lunatic. If you don't want to take my word for it give a look in the mirror" . . . whereupon Louis takes one look, rushes out on deck and hurls the body to a couple of sharks that happened to be passing at the time

and stopped to see what all the fuss was about.

Honestly, it's worse than it sounds. Don't waste your time. Go over to the Joneses and play ping pong instead or stay home and beat your wife.

"The New Adventures Of Dr. Fu Manchu"

IF YOU liked the other Fu Manchu pictures, you will like this one and that is about all there is to say. In case you didn't happen to see any of the oth-

ers, we will advise you that Sax Rohmer's oriental arch-criminal is committing atrocities at the same old stand and doing everything possible to scare you.

Warner Oland as Dr. Fu and O. P. Heggie as Inspector Smith play their parts extraordinarily well. Jean Arthur and Neil Hamilton, who form the love interest, are adequate if not edifying. In the last scene Dr. Fu suffers physical violence that should put an end to this series, unless Paramount gets hard up for a story and some bird conceives the terrible idea of "The Son Of Dr. Fu Manchu."

Good "boo" picture—and take along all of your imagination.



"Cheer up. Maybe things will begin to go wrong soon."

Diary Of A Gag Man

May 19—Spending a week on the high seas. That wag who leaned over the rail next to me and remarked that only opera singers really enjoyed high c's, should be somewhere about five miles behind in the wake.

May 20—Charleston, S. C., and my drinking companion who sang so charmingly was missing at luncheon. He came into my stateroom and warbled, "She Was A Southern Gambler's Daughter But Strictly On The Levee." You have no idea how difficult it is thrusting the average crooner's body through a porthole.

May 21—A fellow slipped overboard today and when he chirped, "Drop me a line sometime!" I had to flip seven deck quoits at him before I scored.

May 22—Stood under a deck ventilator for several hours today just aching for some simple wit to ask me how the radio program was coming in.

May 23—"Ha ha!" laughed my new pal Sidney as he poured me a shot of very bad Sherry, "any port in a storm, hey?" The sea was comparatively calm as I tossed good old Sidney to the sharks.

—ed. graham.

(19)

It Sims To Me

Hell hath no fury like a woman who has waited an hour for her husband on the wrong corner.

The new style desk fountain pens stand up so straight in their holders all day I think they should be permitted to lie down after five o'clock.

It's getting so that when you finally do reach the other side of the street you feel like hollering back at the friends you left behind, "Having a fine time. Wish you were here."

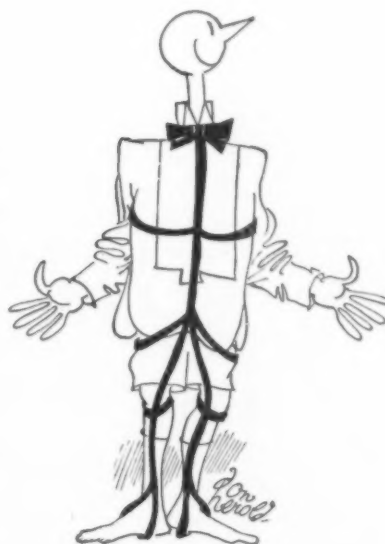
There is probably a proper place for everything in this world, except four pairs of feet under a bridge table.

A new golf ball on which I may get a patent has a Mexican jumping bean for a core so it can get itself out of the rough.

This is the season when the champion distance runner comes home from college and frets around home all evening if he can't get the car.

Once upon a time the first words the baby learned to say were "Papa" and "Mama," but now the first words the baby learns to say are "Where's Papa?" and "Where's Mama?"

—Tom Sims.



The Herold harness to keep dress ties from sliding up off the collar.

Willingdrift

by Eric Hatch

Balk

FIFI BREEZE looked across the alcove table at Smith. She said, "Robbie, baby needs new shoes."

"Hah," said Smith.

"Baby needs new shoes," said Fifi again.

"So does your old automobile," said Smith. "Haw!"

Fifi frowned and grew thoughtful, like a miner who finds his star lode beginning to weaken. She said, "Baby really does."

Smith met her eye. The week since his wife had left him had been a hard one. It had started with a series of lunches, teas and dinners which, as he looked back on them, always seemed to end up with Fifi a couple of rocks better off than she was before. Vaguely, in the back of his head he was beginning to wonder if she was really pretty. She really was. Baby got new shoes.

The next night Smith again questioned himself about Fifi's physical charms. Baby, for the first time in their acquaintance, drew a blank evening. The next night Smith decided definitely she wasn't so good, and wondered if he was getting old. He asked Baby and for once she told the truth. That settled that.

The following morning Smith's lawyer, Will Courtney, called him up and told him to mind his step because Mrs. Smith's lawyer had paid him a visit. Then Courtney told him he was being watched like a hawk. He said, "One toot an' you're oot, Rob."

That afternoon Smith noticed a little man in grey following him wherever he went. He was glad when his car stopped at the great house and Willingdrift let him into the hall.

"Any mail?" he said.

"No, sir," said Willingdrift. "Were you expecting some?"

"No," said Smith. "No. Just thought one of the kids might have sent a post card or something."

"Ah," said Willingdrift. "Going out tonight, sir?"

"Out?" Smith sighed. He said, "I've been out every night, Willing, since—since—"

"Yes, sir," said Willingdrift. "Dinner at eight?"

"Eight," said Smith and went upstairs.

It was the first meal Smith had ever eaten alone in that house. "My goodness," he said to Willing-

drift, "this is a big room."

"Yes, sir. Beautiful, too."

"Too big," said Smith.

"Not when we were all here, sir," said Willingdrift, and laughed. "Hardly big enough it seemed sometimes, sir, when Bobby and Nancy and—and—" He stopped suddenly.

"Humph," said Smith.

Willingdrift passed the wine. Smith sipped it and said, "Look out of the window, Willing. See if there's a bird in a grey suit standing across the street."

Willingdrift looked. "Yes, sir, there is."

"He must be hungry. Ask him to come in and have something to eat."

"But sir—he's a—he's a detective, isn't he?"

"Sure," said Smith. "But he probably won't steal anything."

A few moments later Willingdrift returned. He stopped in the doorway and said, "Mister Bull!"

The little man in grey came in and bowed. Smith motioned him to a chair and said, "Is Willingdrift trying to be funny?"

"No," said the little man. "It's my name."

"Have some wine?" said Smith. The little man nodded. "How's business, Mr. Bull?"

"Well, yes," said Mr. Bull. "And no." Smith thought that for a detective he seemed curiously embarrassed. All the detectives he'd ever heard of had been regular brass monkeys for cheek.

"Why did you ask me here?" said Mr. Bull suddenly.

Smith smiled. It was the first genuine smile he'd known for almost a week. He said, "Will you believe me if I tell you the truth?"

"Sure," said the little man.

"Lonely," said Smith. "See this table? This is the first time in my life I ever sat down to it alone." He coughed. "Hurr," he went on. "Usually the family are here, fightin' and squabblin' to beat hell. Miss it—like the devil."

"Oh," said Mr. Bull. He'd finished his wine and rose, evidently to take his leave.

"Please don't go," said Smith.

The little man hesitated. He seemed to be wrestling with an emotion.

"I mean it," said Smith. "I was hoping you'd stay and play a game of billiards with me."

"All right," said Bull. Smith rose from the table and led him through the halls toward the billiard room. The back hall was only half lighted. Smith noticed his friend had dropped behind

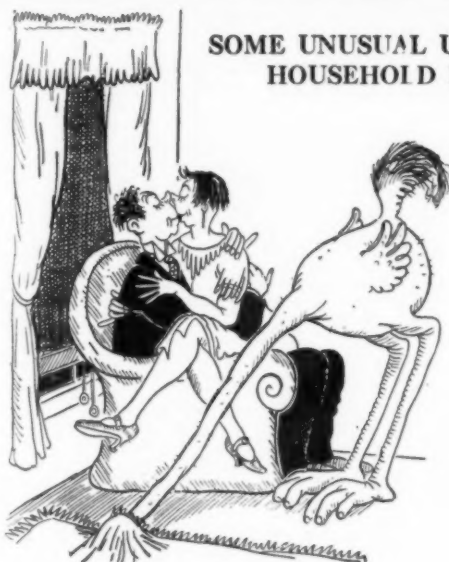
(Continued on Page 29)



He was beginning to wonder if she really was pretty.

Life's LITTLE EDUCATIONAL CHARTS

SOME UNUSUAL USES FOR HOUSEHOLD PETS



The Ostrich as an Aid to Lovers

"My boy friend Bob," writes a Toledo deb, was so bashful that he called every night for seven years without once daring to kiss me. Finally I discovered why; he was afraid to do it with our canary looking on! So I got mother to swap in the canary for an ostrich, and it has simply worked marvels with Bob's technique."

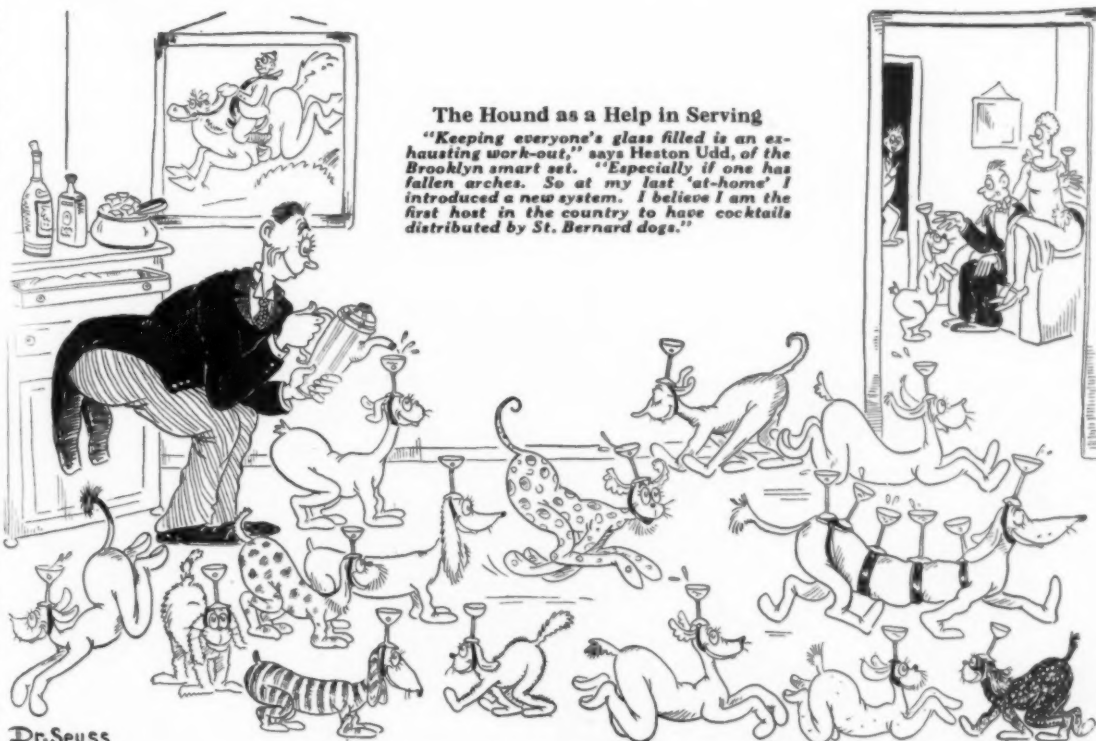


The Lion as a Cure for Bridge Boors

"One thing I detest in a Bridge player," writes a man from Frisco, "is the fresh habit of throwing down a hand and announcing, 'The rest are mine!' I have found that this habit can be quashed simply by investing in a robust lion and a cage with a radio-controlled exit. This sensitive contraption pulls up the gate whenever that ——— sentence is spoken."

The Hound as a Help in Serving

"Keeping everyone's glass filled is an exhausting work-out," says Heston Udd, of the Brooklyn smart set. "Especially if one has fallen arches. So at my last 'at-home' I introduced a new system. I believe I am the first host in the country to have cocktails distributed by St. Bernard dogs."



Dr. Seuss

Confidential Guide

LIFE'S TICKET SERVICE

How LIFE readers can get good orchestra seats at box-office prices to all shows on this page indicated by stars.

See Page 28

(Listed in the order of their openings)

Comedy and Drama

- ★**STREET SCENE.** *Ambassador.* \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Murder for love in a squalid New York side-street. Elmer Rice's gripping drama.
- ★**JOURNEY'S END.** *Henry Miller's.* \$4.40—The war from a dug-out in the British trenches before St. Quentin. Best of all war plays, finely acted by English cast.
- ★**BIRD IN HAND.** *Forty-ninth Street.* \$3.85—John Drinkwater's pleasant comedy about an English innkeeper's daughter's flirtation with the squire's son.
- ★**IT'S A WISE CHILD.** *Belasco.* \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—A funny comedy involving a threatened visit by the stork to a lady in a small town.
- CIVIC REPERTORY THEATRE**—Eva Le Gallienne's troupe in a set of classics.
- ★**STRICTLY DISHONORABLE.** *Avon.* \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—A band of delightful rascals in a speakeasy provide the most enjoyable comedy in town.
- ★**SUBWAY EXPRESS.** *Republic.* \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Murder in a subway car and its solution. Good enough to have persisted since the days when we found murders thrilling.
- ★**JUNE MOON.** *Broadhurst.* \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Ring Lardner's and George Kaufman's laugh barrage laid down along Tin Pan Alley.
- ★**MENDEL, INC.** *George M. Cohan.* \$3.00—For those who missed "Abie's Irish Rose."
- ★**YOUNG SINNERS.** *Morisco.* \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—A pair of rich young cubs play with fire without getting too scorched.
- ★**MICHAEL AND MARY.** *Charles Hopkins.* \$4.40—A. A. Milne's sentimental yarn about the life history of a bill-and-cooing couple.

- ★**DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY.** *Ethel Barrymore.* \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—The Grim Reaper appears in person among a group of uncomfortable mortals. Philip Merivale's acting makes it.
- ★**THE FIRST MRS. FRASER.** *Playhouse.* \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Grace George, A. E. Matthews and Lawrence Grossmith in a charming comedy of divorce by St. John Ervine.
- ★**REBOUND.** *Plymouth.* \$3.85—Hope Williams and other good actors in a comedy of bright remarks on the subject of erring husbands.
- ★**DISHONORED LADY.** *Empire.* \$4.40—Katharine Cornell gets away with the wholly unsympathetic role of a cold-blooded murderess.
- ★**TOPAZE.** *Music Box.* \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—How graft is collected in France. Highly comic satire superbly acted by Frank Morgan.
- ★**THE LAST MILE.** *Sam H. Harris.* \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Muting in the death house. The most terrifying of all melodramas.
- APRON STRINGS.** *Forty-eighth Street*—A son conducts his love affairs as mamma told him to. Slight stuff.
- ★**THE PLUTOCRAT.** *Vanderbilt.* \$3.00—The Coburns in a weak dramatization of Tarkington's novel.
- ★**THE GREEN PASTURES.** *Mansfield.* \$4.40—The most important item in the season's list. The ignorant darky's idea of the Bible story, beautifully, humorously and reverently done.
- ★**THE BLUE GHOST.** *Forrest.* \$3.00—Childish spook melodrama.
- ★**A MONTH IN THE COUNTRY.** *Guild.* \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Alla Nazimova does fine work in Turgenyev's comedy of Russian country life.
- ★**THE OLD RASCAL.** *Bijou.* \$3.85—William Hodge thumbs his nose at the Pure and Noble in a low down, smutty farce.
- ★**HOTEL UNIVERSE.** *Martin Beck.* \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Philip Barry's obscure drama around a set of expatriates who are worrying about themselves.
- ★**UNCLE VANYA.** *Cort.* \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Chekhov's photograph of some ordinary lives, finely produced by Jed Harris and acted by Lillian Gish.

- ★**VIRTUE'S BED.** *Hudson.* \$2.50—Dull drama about a lady trying to live down her past.
- STEPPING SISTERS.** *Royale*—Low farce about three ex-burlesque queens.
- THE TRAITOR.** *Little*—Dreadful stuff made from Stevenson's good story, "The Pavilion on the Links."
- LOST SHEEP.** *Selwyn*—A good idea gone wrong.
- ADA BEATS THE DRUM.** *John Golden*—Mary Boland comes back to town in this one.

Musical

- ★**EARL CARROLL'S SKETCH BOOK.** *Forty-ninth Street.* \$6.60—Will Mahoney and a bevy of beauties in Mr. Carroll's chef-d'oeuvre.
- ★**SONS O' GUNS.** *Imperial.* \$6.60—Jack Donahue disrupts the A. E. F. in this gay, colorful and highly entertaining musical.
- ★**FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN.** *Lyric.* \$6.60—The Americans around the Ritz Bar in Paris set to Cole Porter's music. Very popular.
- ★**STRIKE UP THE BAND.** *Times Square.* \$6.60—America's war with Switzerland over milk chocolate. The Gershwins and Clark and McCullough make this A1.
- ★**SIMPLE SIMON.** *Ziegfeld.* \$5.50—Sat. Hol. \$6.60—Ed Wynn, as funny as ever, Harriet Hector and a fine big Ziegfeld show.
- ★**THE INTERNATIONAL REVUE.** *Majestic.* \$5.50—Frances Williams has joined Harry Richmond and Jack Pearl. Big and gaudy, but pretty cheap.
- FLYING HIGH.** *Apollo*—Good tunes and a good show, with the season's funniest comedian—Bert Lahr.
- JONICA.** *Craig*—Modest little second-rate musical.
- ★**THREE LITTLE GIRLS.** *Shubert.* \$5.50—Lavish show from the German mounted in a revolving stage. Some amusing costumes.

Movies

- ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT.** *The Ship From Shanghai* and *New Adventures Of Dr. Fu Manchu*—In this issue.
- FREE AND EASY**—Buster Keaton goes over big in talkies. His dancing will surprise you.
- PARAMOUNT ON PARADE**—One of the bigger and better wholesale displays of talent. Mitzi Green gives two remarkable imitations. Good fun.
- HOLD EVERYTHING**—How to make a mess of a fine stage show. Joe Brown and Winnie Lightner deserve 10 for effort.
- YOUNG MAN OF MANHATTAN**—Monta Bell's intelligent direction of a splendid cast in Fannie Hurst's story. See it.
- HIGH SOCIETY BLUES**—For the Janet Gaynor-Charley Farrell fans. We used to be one before they started talking and singing.
- JOURNEY'S END**—Faithful version of the stage play. One of the finest talkies to date.
- UNDER A TEXAS MOON**—Frank Fay as a highly amusing Mexican Romeo with Armida, Myrna Loy, Raquel Torres and a good theme song.
- HELL'S HARBOR**—Hell, no.
- LUMMOX**—Winifred Westover's moving portrayal of a drudge's soul. Courageous direction by Herbert Brenon.
- MAMMY**—Jolson is always interesting but the music and story are not.
- THE GIRL SAID NO**—That makes it unanimous.
- THE MAN FROM BLANKLEY'S**—John Barrymore's description of the life and habits of the scarab is the best piece of screen farce in years.

(Continued on Page 30)



HUSBAND: Why didn't you play your ace?

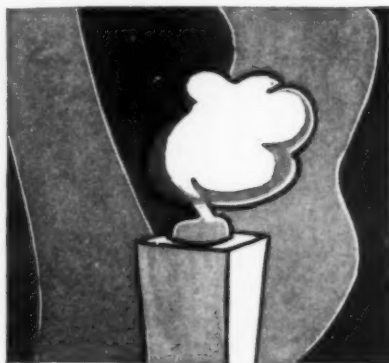
PARTNER: I didn't like to take it off baby.

—(Punch, by permission.)

If They Had Been Modernists



The Angelus.



Venus de Milo.



The Winged Victory.



The Blue Boy.

Same Stuff

One of the greatest disillusionments of talking pictures is to discover that those mysterious things screen lovers whisper to their sweethearts is the same sort of mush the rest of us dish out.

It takes so long to pay for a piano that by the time you get through the collector is looked on almost as a member of the family.

It would be quite interesting to see just how farmers go about stunting strawberries to produce small ones for the bottom of the basket.

Recipe

A bunch of carrots, washed, peeled, sliced lengthwise and chopped crosswise, will improve any kind of soup you are making if left out.

One night we thought the noise upstairs was a radio but it stopped.

A Barber's Thoughts While Shaving Himself

"Well, I wonder how I am this morning? Oh, I'm just fine, I suppose. The weather seems to be very nice. But no doubt a little more rain would help the farmers.

"Perhaps I should give myself a nice shampoo. No, I don't want a shampoo. But really, I need a nice shampoo. I don't care if I do need a shampoo, I'm not going to give myself one. A nice shampoo would make my head feel wonderful; it would restore my hair's natural vitality. No, I won't have a shampoo today. Just a shave.

"Well, shall I give myself a massage? No, I don't believe I care for a massage. A massage would cleanse the pores, revive circulation and clear my skin wonderfully. No, I don't want a massage; I just want a shave. Very well, but I really need a massage.

"I wonder if I care for a tonic on my hair? I have a new tonic, imported, that does wonders. No, I believe not. But really, my hair is getting a bit thin on top; it needs a tonic. No, no tonic. Here is the imported tonic; see what a beautiful green and gold bottle. No tonic. Yet, I don't believe I ever have seen a tonic in such a fancy shaped bottle. No, I don't want the tonic—just the regular morning shave. Still, I'll just smell that tonic. Ah! Well, I suppose I will put some of the tonic on my hair. That's all I'll give myself this morning, just a shave and a tonic."

—Tom Sims.



IRATE PLAYER: *What on earth did you go "No Trumps" on?*
PARTNER: *Two kings and five whiskies and sodas.*

—Passing Show.

The Family Album



ADVICE TO CADDIES.

Reprinted from LIFE, June 7, 1900.

You will save time by keeping your eye on the ball.



Reprinted from LIFE, Nov. 9, 1900.

The Tattle-Tale.



Reprinted from LIFE, Sept. 3, 1901.

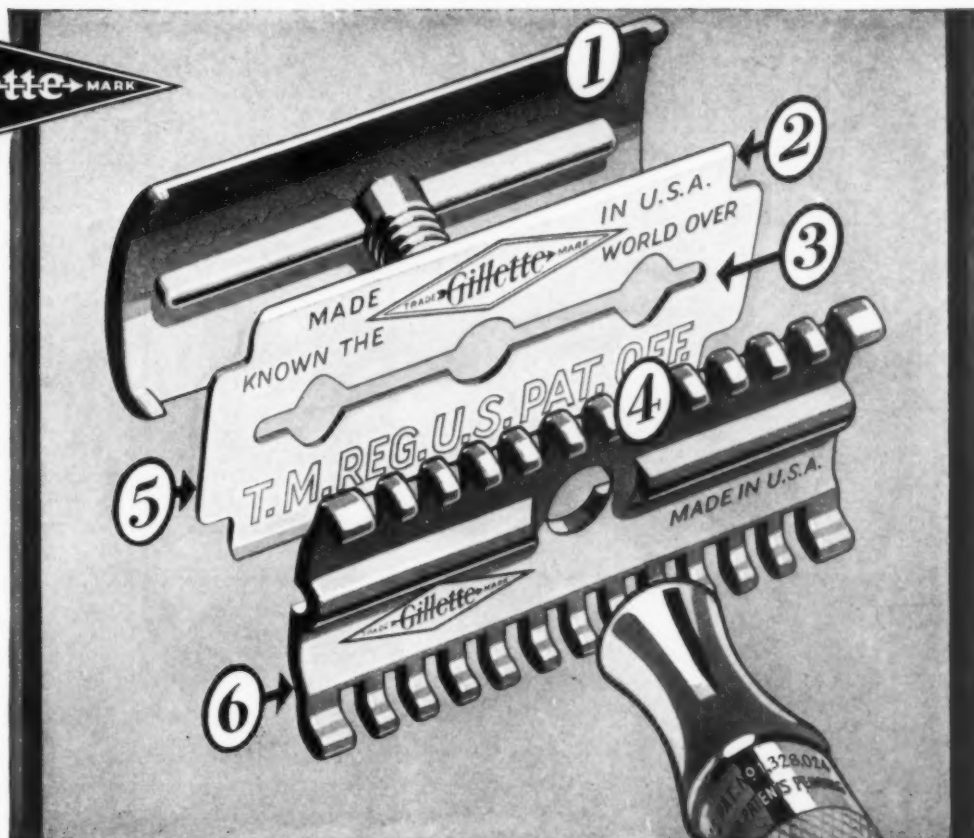
Ooh!

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3. Rust-resisting blade
4. New shape guard teeth
5. Square blade ends
6. New guard channel



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50c for five
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atlantic luxury and pleasure.

Regular sailings on new 20,000-ton
motorship "Bermuda" and the fa-
mous "Fl. St. George." Ships sail
direct from dock to dock. No 5 mile
transfer by tender at Hamilton.

S. S. "Veendam" joins the
"Bermuda" in July. Make vaca-
tion reservations now.

FURNESS

Bermuda Line

34 Whitehall St. (where Broadway begins)
565 Fifth Ave., New York or any Authorized agent

Life in Society

Port Chester Girls Troth



Miss Ella Murray, Port Chester Debutante, en route in her private car to join her fiancé Mr. Hank Banning, in Pinehurst for the Spring Season. Miss Murray is driving an early Shantung White with moulded silhouette and low-applied gear-shift.

Mrs. Nathaniel B. Porter gave a luncheon Wednesday for Lord and Lady Ashburton at the Madison. If they had been Mr. and Mrs. Ashburton they probably would have had to grub up their own lunch.

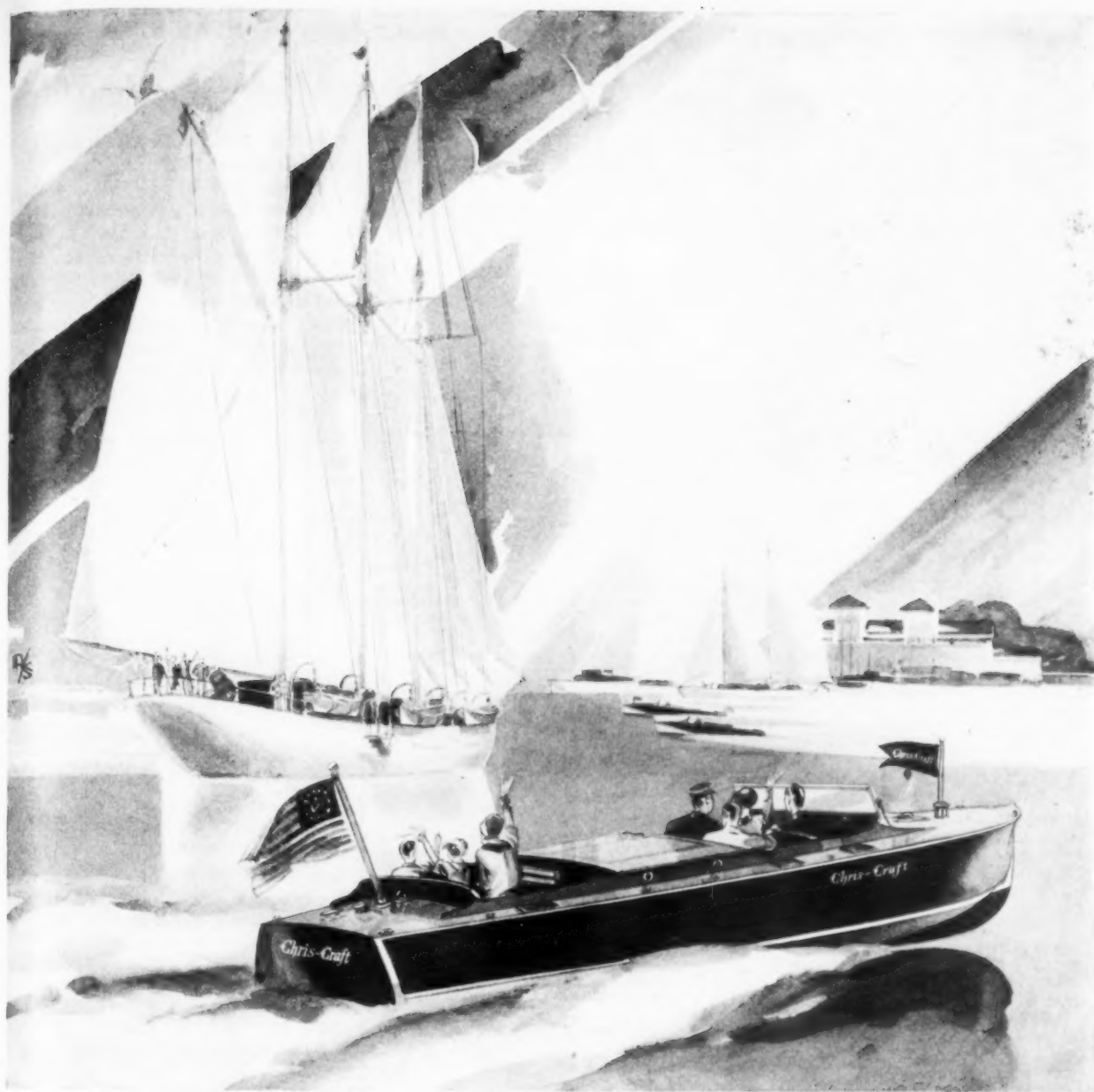
Mrs. Samuel N. Peterson of Stamford will entertain the cast of the Junior League operetta "The Sleeping Beauty" at a luncheon at her home tomorrow. Mrs. Peterson, having written the book of the operetta, wants to do something nice for the cast.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Saxton Dreary of 4 East Ninety-sixth Street are in Hot Springs, Va., for a fortnight, while their son, F. Saxton Dreary Jr., is in Hot Water, New York.

A large gathering watched the final polo game of the Sandhills round-robin series at Pinehurst yesterday. J. Mackey Pitts of New York, one of the polo players, entertained with a tea at the Country Club after the game for his fellow players. The tea, which was enjoyed even more than the polo, came to \$85 a case.

Mrs. J. Nelson Streeter Jr. is sailing tomorrow night on the Augustus. After a motor tour in Italy she will go to Paris for June, to St. Jean de Luz for the Summer and to Morgan Harjes for credit.

Princess de Bonanza, who spent the winter in column 3, under "Palm Beach," has moved into column 4, under "Newport," for the summer.



O land gypsy ever enjoyed the freedom of that nomad of the water, the Chris-Crafter. To him the waterways of the whole world lie open. There are no white lines, no straight pavements. Every bay and river invites the Chris-Crafter to rest or to explore, to hunt or to fish. The shorelines offer wide diversity of play and recreation. Thrilling races, regattas, boat parties, picnics, social affairs—all are within range of the fast, roomy Chris-Craft. Every waterside family needs a Chris-Craft, and every member of the family will enjoy and use it. It handles even more easily than a motor car and has the same steering, starting and lighting equipment. There are fast, racy runabouts, luxurious sedans, commuters, cruisers and yachts in the 1930 Chris-Craft fleet. Let the Chris-Craft merchant help you select the one that fits your desire. Illustrated catalog may be had by writing Chris Smith & Sons Boat Company, 205 Detroit Road, Algonac, Michigan.

24-foot Chris-Craft Runabout, 125 H. P., speed up to 35 M. P. H. \$2850

NEW!

A 17-foot Runabout, 25 M. P. H., priced at \$1295.

A few desirable sales territories open. Wire for details.

Chris-Craft

World's Largest Builders of All-Mahogany Motor Boats

Runabouts—Sedans—Commuters—Cruisers—Yachts
25 Models—17 to 48 feet—\$1295 to \$55,000



JIM HENRY'S GUARANTEE: 2 MORE good shaves per blade

No matter what model of what razor you use, I guarantee you 2 more shaves (of course, I mean *good* ones) from every blade! Money back if I'm wrong. Check me up. Take a new razor, and count up the shaves. Better shaves? Why they'd have to be. When Mennen gives you 2 more per blade, they *must* be better.

Remember, too, that Mennen alone gives you two kinds of shaving cream...Menthol-iced and WithoutMenthol. Both give that clean, comfortable Mennen shave. Both build up a fine, quick lather in any water. Mennen WithoutMenthol is smooth and bland. Menthol-iced lather has a triple-cool 'ingle all its own. Both creams are typically Mennen... that's the main point... and my guarantee covers them both. Take your choice.

And if you don't want to buy a tube of Mennen, shoot in the coupon and I'll send you a free trial tube.

Jim Henry
Mennen Salesman

Mennen Talcum for Men removes face shine and doesn't show... absorbs facial oils that come out during the day. Great after a bath, too.

MENNEN SHAVING CREAMS



MENTHOL-ICED WITHOUT MENTHOL

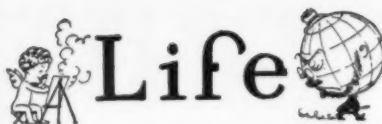
THE MENNEN CO., Dept. M-4, NEWARK, N. J.

Jim Henry: I've got a new blade all ready. Send me a free trial tube and I'll take the count.

Name.....

Address..... City.....

☐ Send me Mennen Menthol-iced
☐ Send me Mennen without Menthol



May 23, 1930

Vol. 95

Number 2481

Published by LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY,
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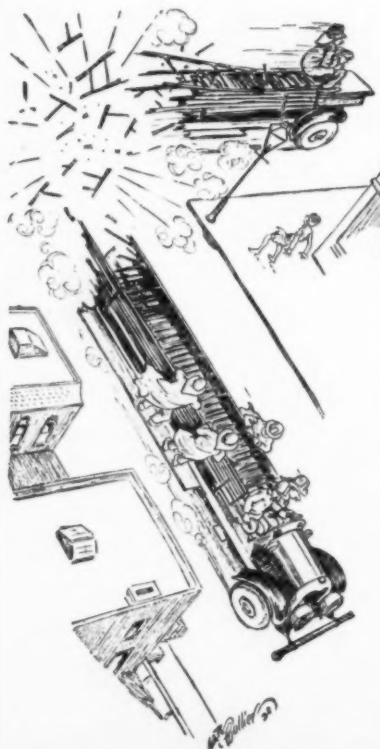
Notice of change of address should reach this office two weeks prior to the date of issue to be affected. All communications should be addressed to LIFE, Lincoln Bldg., 60 East 42nd St., New York.

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Answers to Anagrams

(on Page 4)

- | | |
|--------------|---------------|
| (1) Nectar. | (6) Serene. |
| (2) Garment. | (7) Values. |
| (3) Fasting. | (8) Gardenia. |
| (4) Stigma. | (9) Muscle. |
| (5) Earnest. | (10) Person. |



The rear driver of the hook and ladder company makes the wrong turn.

LIFE'S Ticket Service

★We render this service without profit solely in the interest of our readers.

★If you are going to be in New York, LIFE's Ticket Service will not only save you money but an extra trip to the box-office.

Good seats are available for attractions indicated in the Confidential Guide by STARS and at PRICES noted.

All orders for tickets must reach LIFE Office at least seven days before date of performance. Check for exact amount must be attached to each Purchase Order.

Receipt will be sent to purchaser by return mail. This must be presented at the box-office on the evening of the performance.

IN ORDER TO KEEP TICKETS OUT OF THE HANDS OF TICKET SCALPERS SEATS WILL BE HELD AT THE BOX-OFFICE AND WILL NOT BE RELEASED UNTIL AFTER EIGHT O'CLOCK ON THE NIGHT OF THE PERFORMANCE.

In selecting attractions, purchasers are asked to name two alternative choices of shows with each selection, in case LIFE's quota of seats for that performance is exhausted. Remittance will have to cover the cost of the highest priced seats requested. Any excess amount will be refunded.

LIFE will be glad to make appropriate selections for purchasers if they will indicate with order the type of show preferred and remit amount to cover top prices. Any excess amount will be refunded.

NO ORDERS FOR SEATS TAKEN OVER THE TELEPHONE.

NO MONEY REFUNDED ON ORDERS WITHOUT SEVEN DAYS' NOTICE.

LIFE'S TICKET SERVICE 60 East 42nd St., New York City Purchase Order

Dear LIFE

I want tickets for the following shows:

(Name of Show).....

(No. Seats).....

(Date).....

(Alternates).....

(Name).....

(Address).....

Check for \$..... Enclosed

Willingdrift

(Continued from Page 20)

him. He turned. The little man came on.

They played four games, ending up all even. Willingdrift came with tall glasses and ice and a decanter of brandy. They sat down in two leather chairs by a window. Bull said, "Thanks. You're a pretty nice guy."

"Was wondering," said Smith, "about you. Done me big favor, stayin' here playin' with me tonight. Know you didn't want to. Like to show I appreciated it."

"Aw, that's nothing, sir. I had a good time, really."

"When you follow me down town tomorrow," said Smith, "if you'll come into my office instead of hanging 'round outside, I'll see if maybe I can find something better for you than you're doing now."

The little man blushed and stuttered. Smith wondered if he could be ill. He said, "Anything wrong, Bull?"

"No," said Bull. "That is—"

"Tell me about it," said Smith.

"Listen," said Mr. Bull. "You know a girl named Fifi Breeze, don't you?"

"Yes," said Smith, "I do."

"Well, what about her?"

Smith wondered if he was mistaken or if there was something menacing in the young man's voice. He said, "Nothing. She was just a girl I took to dinner sometimes because I was lonely, until I realized she only came to get things out of me. You see, I thought maybe she liked me."

"And she didn't?"

"I should say not!"

Suddenly the little man put his hand in his pocket. He drew out a black leather billy and laid it on the table. He said, "Listen, I'm no detective—I thought you were tryin' to do Fifi dirt an' I been follerin' you around all day tryin' to get a chance to kill you." He broke off in confusion.

Smith looked him in the eye. He said, "Hurr, why don't you?"

"Kill you?" said Bull. "After you offerin' me a job? Why, I can afford to marry her now!"

Smith smiled. He was thinking about babies needing new shoes. He said, "Maybe you can."

In a taxicab, it's mileage; in a parlor, it's fun. —*Notre Dame Juggler.*

Thrift is alleged to have become a vice in America, but little credence is attached to the rumor that many ostensible speakeasies are in reality savings banks. —*Punch.*



WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE? NOTHING...IN 1890!

The Gay Young Traveling Salesman pictured above was quite a catch, back in the Mauve Nineties. A stylish dresser . . . a snappy traveler. His trunk was a gayly slatted, iron-bound chest. His bag a jaunty valise.

But today's another day. Luggage has grown up. Changed with the fashions, like clothes, automobiles. The modern luggage—best interpreted by Hartmann—is almost exclusively "Wardrobe". Marvelously convenient. Lighter, stronger. And as colorful and smart looking as your clothes.

50 Hartmann different sizes and models to choose from. Colors galore. Priced from \$35 to \$400. At the Better Shops and Department Stores. Hartmann Trunk Co., Racine, Wisconsin.



HARTMANN TRUNKS

A Hartmann Matched Group in Tan Canvas Grain Ducord with sporty Regimental Stripes is extremely smart. \$35 to \$225.

\$500 REWARD



for ADAM RAT

and other rodents, predatory animals, injurious birds and harmful reptiles that prey upon domestic stock and wild game, consume crops and food-stuff, and spread disease. There are both monthly and grand rewards—nearly 100 cash prizes. For full information on the Crosman Rogues' Gallery and the valuable rewards for the capture of these outlaws, see your Crosman dealer or write the manufacturers of the

CROSMAN SILENT .22

The Most Amazing Gun Ever Invented for Small Game and Target Shooting—

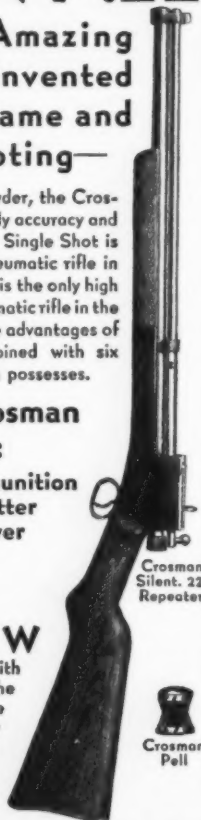
Although it uses no powder, the Crosman Silent .22 has deadly accuracy and tremendous power. The Single Shot is the highest powered pneumatic rifle in the world...the Repeater is the only high powered repeating pneumatic rifle in the world! They have all the advantages of .22 powder guns combined with six features that no firearm possesses.

Exclusive Crosman Features are:

1. Low Cost Ammunition
2. No Bullet Splatter
3. Adjustable Power
4. No Cleaning
5. Noiseless
6. No Recoil

ACT NOW

Combine "good sport with good riddance." Enter the Crosman contest. See your Crosman dealer or write us at once for full information and FREE book on "Target and Game Shooting."



CROSMAN ARMS COMPANY
411 St. Paul St., Rochester, N.Y.

CROSMAN RIFLES
SILENT .22
"POWER WITHOUT POWDER"

Confidential Guide

(Continued from Page 22)

Supper Clubs

*Dressy
C Cover Charge FS Fridays and Saturdays
H Headwaiter
SMIG The price of Sandwiches, Mineral Water, Ice, Gingerale (for two)
BARNEY'S, 85 W. 3rd. Good place. Good show. C.\$3. S.\$4.00. H.Arnold. SMIG.\$4.
CLUB RICHMAN, 157 W. 56. Swell place, swell orchestra (Abe Lyman's). *C.\$5. H.Jimmy. SMIG.\$5.
COUNTY FAIR, 54 E. 9th. Economic fun. C.\$1. FS.\$1.50. H.Charley. SMIG.\$1.85.
DAFFYDILL, 46 W. 8th. Attractive place, good crowd. C.\$2. S.\$3. SMIG.\$2.50.
DOME, 52 W. 8th. Greenwich Village night club life. C.\$1. S.\$1.50. H.Victor. SMIG.\$4.00.
LIDO, 7th Ave. at 52nd. Very ritzy. Moss and Fontana. *C.\$6. H. Maraschino.
MONTMARTE, 50th & B'way. Very nice and always has been. *C.\$3.
ROOSEVELT GRILL, Roosevelt Hotel. Nice place. C.\$2.



Cap: Beat it! You! This cliff is reserved for people who make wise-cracks in comic pictures.

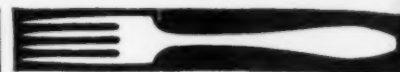
In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

A Frenchman has written 5,100 words on a picture postcard. This is the sort of thing that drives village postmistresses to consult oculists.

—London Opinion.

Abbott's Bitters, a stomachic, meets every requirement of a tonic. Sample by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

A new design of touring car, we read, is to have eight wheels. From the point of view of the pedestrian, however, the first two are always the worst.
—The Humorist.



To men who have lost that schoolboy DIGESTION

FOR QUICK, pleasant relief from indigestion, take Pepto-Bismol!

Pepto-Bismol has been a doctors' prescription for 25 years. It brings you safe relief from heartburn, indigestion, and acid or sour stomach.

It checks fermentation and the formation of harmful acids. And even children like its pleasing flavor.

Buy Pepto-Bismol in the 3-cornered bottle, at your druggist's. Only 50 cents—and it transforms discomfort into ease and serenity—or your money back!

Pepto-Bismol

RELIEVES INDIGESTION QUICKLY

MAKERS OF **Norwich** UNGUENTINE

No one seems to know exactly what to do with a bridge prize. Perhaps you should throw it over your left shoulder and make a wish.



1400 ROOMS

EACH WITH BATH AND SHOWER

\$3-5 For One \$4-7 For Two

NEW YORK'S NEW HOTEL

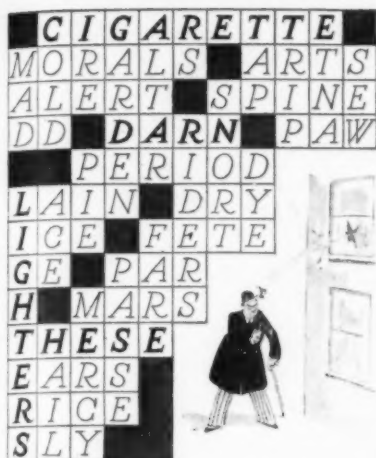
LINCOLN

EIGHTH AVE., 44th to 45th STS.

TIMES SQUARE

TELEPHONE LACKAWANNA 1400
A. W. BAYLITTS, Managing Director

Winners of LIFE's Cross Word
Picture Puzzle No. 36



Darn these cigarette lighters!

1st prize of \$50.00 won by

H. C. McKinney,
La Mesa,
San Diego Co., Cal.

Explanation: *A thing of beauty and a toy forever.*

2nd prize of \$25.00 won by

Raymond Enyart,
400 McLeod Ave.,
Missoula, Mont.

Explanation: *A flip, and it's out.*

3rd prize of \$15.00 won by

T. P. Moss,
105 Admiral Road,
Toronto, Ont., Can.

Explanation: *The Echo.*

4th prize of \$10.00 won by

Deborah York,
301 Otis Street,
West Newton, Mass.

Explanation: *They always fall down on you.*

There have been over two thousand new laws passed in the United States during the last three years. There is evidently a very generous allowance for breakages.
—*The Humorist.*



"Don't be alarmed, Fathah, I'm merely trying to look like the modernist dress models in the store windows."

KEEPS TEETH *White*



Eager eyes follow the girl with a charming smile.

And it's teeth—WHITE teeth—that make your smile bright and charming.

So if you treasure your teeth and your smile—do as millions now do. Chew Dentyne every day. You'll love its rich, full flavor every bit as much as the way it keeps teeth white. And Dentyne's the highest quality gum made today!



Chew DENTYNE *..and smile!*



(The doctor says)

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Every Week!
Better Subscribe!"**

Life

unlike other specialists, makes no charge for his advice, but you can rely on it, for all that. For a real mental toning up subscribe to LIFE and keep in touch with the latest and brightest fun of the day, right in the original package. Accept no substitute, but insist upon having LIFE with Its Laugh on Every Page, for your cure. Try it for a year, or try our

Special Offer

Enclosed find One Dollar (Foreign \$1.40). Send LIFE for the next ten weeks to

(640)

LIFE, 60 East 42nd Street, New York
One year \$5 Canadian \$5.80 Foreign \$6.60

Money . .

... Cannot Buy
"Active Comfort"
in any other shoe



PAY what you will, you can't get "Active Comfort" in any shoe but Arch Preserver.

For "Active Comfort" is much more than perfect fit. It is vigorous foot health produced only by the exclusive patented features of the Arch Preserver Shoe. Nerves, muscles and blood-vessels enjoy barefoot freedom on the Arch Preserver flat inner sole.

The natural springiness of the step is stimulated by the moulded Arch Preserver metatarsal support.

The long arch retains its youthful strength and buoyancy, all strain and stress being absorbed by the concealed Arch Preserver arch bridge.

These and other exclusive features are found only in the Arch Preserver Shoe. They cannot be duplicated because they are patented. Distinguished styles and choicest materials in Custom Grade, \$12.50 and up. Other grades \$10.

Send for booklet and name of dealer.

E. T. WRIGHT & CO., INC.
Dept. L-136, Rockland, Mass.

Also makers of the Wright Shoe, \$8.50 up

Wright  **ARCH PRESERVER SHOE**
FOR MEN

Made for women, misses and children by only
The Selby Shoe Co., Portsmouth, Ohio

LIFE'S CROSS WORD PICTURE PUZZLE NO. 41

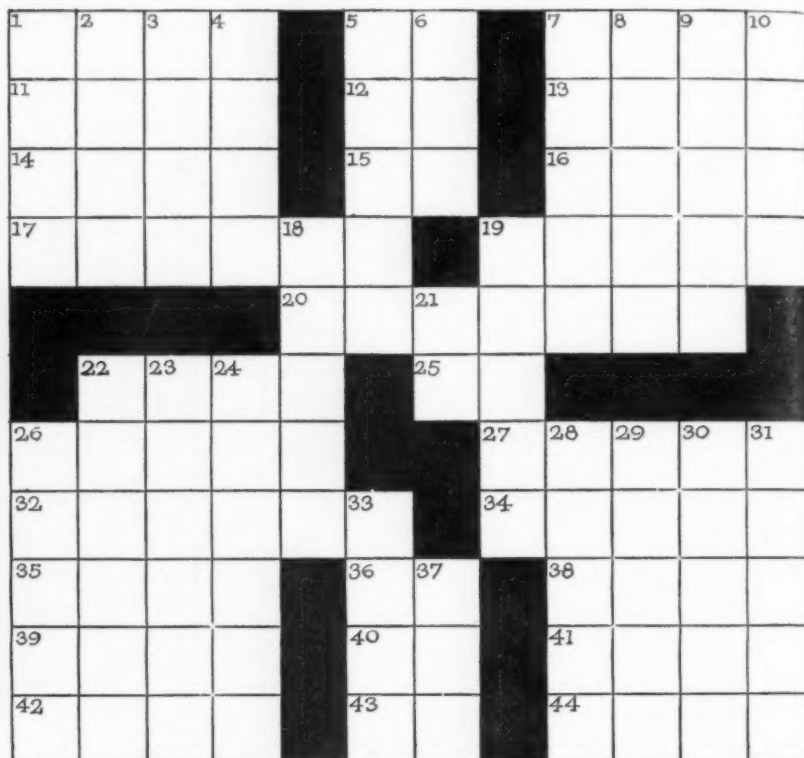
\$100.00 In Prizes Every Week

1st Prize \$50.00, 2nd Prize \$25.00, 3rd Prize \$15.00, 4th Prize \$10.00

After you solve the puzzle and get the correct title for the picture, the words of which are in the puzzle, give your explanation of it in not more than 15 words.

The prizes will be awarded for the cleverest explanation by those who have correctly solved the puzzle and found the correct title. In case of a tie the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each tying contestant. This contest closes, LIFE Office, noon, June 6. Winners will appear in the June 27 issue.

Send all puzzles to Puzzle Editor, LIFE, Lincoln Bldg., 60 East 42nd St., New York.



ACROSS

1. Padding between rooms.
5. Comes before "Yeah?"
7. Liquid garbage.
11. Length times width.
12. Half a dozen.
13. A famous fugitive.
14. To pack your troubles in.
15. Boy's name. (Abbr.)
16. This is all the time.
17. The big parade.
19. Impression of a type.
20. Is among those present.
22. Pronoun, that which.
25. A bone.
26. A certain part.
27. A card arena.
32. This is perfectly apparent.
34. The girl friend.
35. Lady of a low tone.
36. One, indefinitely.
38. Sharp's musical friend.
39. Drunkard's gait.
40. College degree.
41. One of those armbones.
42. Il Duce's daughter.
43. High.
44. This isn't so much.

DOWN

1. Irish farewell.
2. That dressed-up ditty.
3. A question that needs a careful answer.
4. But not least.
5. Wide open.
6. Out of sight.
7. —and forbidding.
8. —with rage.
9. Raw material for hunches.
10. Saucy.
18. Sad state of your last meal.
19. The neighbors' pets.
21. In accordance with.
22. What papa did to Willie in the woodshed.
23. With the lid in place.
24. A depressed spot.
26. Reduce and get this.
28. Just simply terrible.
29. This girl is popular.
30. Rests against.
31. Girl's name. (poss.)
33. Prohibition in India.
37. A little sleep.

A Gift no Bride will forget



A Home Movie Camera
to make a living record of
the many happy days that
lie just ahead . . .

THERE'LL be silver and china and glassware that sparkle. Perhaps even a gift of jewels. As each comes, she'll look at it and admire it, and exclaim her delight.

But then comes a movie camera. *That's different!* "What a perfectly wonderful present! Who sent it?"

All ready to take movies of the wedding. The bride . . . the bridegroom . . . a bit bewildered. The honeymoon . . . in living motion pictures to keep and cherish all through life!

Yes, a movie camera is quite the most welcome of all wedding gifts!

But be sure it is a Ciné-Kodak—the simplest of home movie cameras to operate. With it, any one who can press a lever and look through a finder can take successful movies—black-and-white or in *full color*.

Developing is included in the original film price. And, with the Kodascope, the pictures are projected on a home screen as easily as playing a phonograph.

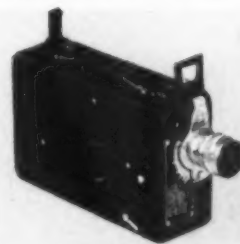
Any Ciné-Kodak dealer will gladly demonstrate the Ciné-Kodak and show you Kodacolor—home movies in full



The bride with stars in her eyes . . . the wedding day . . . the honeymoon . . . recorded in motion pictures to keep and cherish all through life.

color—on the screen. See the Ciné-Kodak, Model BB, *f*.1.9. It comes in attractive shades of blue, gray, brown, also black. Price, with case to match, \$140. Other Ciné-Kodaks for less.

Kodascopes for as little as \$60. Complete outfits for as low as \$143. Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.



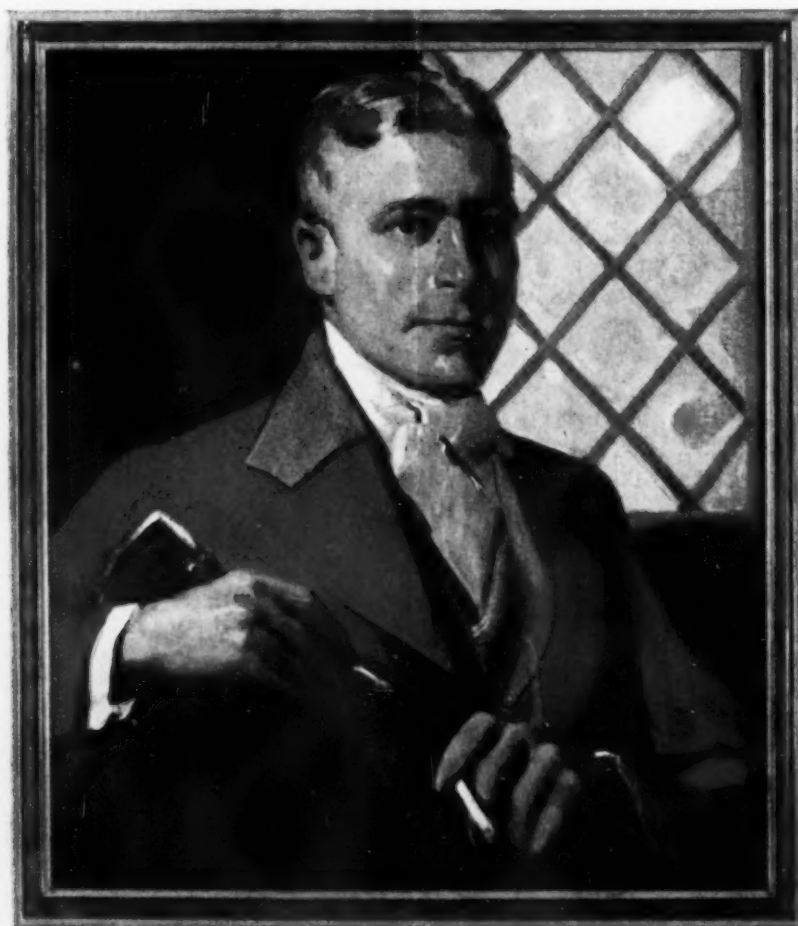
CINÉ-KODAK
MODEL BB
with *f*.1.9 lens,
for making home
movies in either
plain black-and-
white or full color.

Ciné-Kodak

Simplest of Home Movie Cameras



Ten years or more ago he chose Fatima. His hair has greyed, his affairs have prospered, his lands have spread . . . but his taste for good tobacco, his preference for Fatima, remains unchanged. We spoke truly when we said, "*A cigarette is known by the smokers it keeps!*"



© 1930
Liggett & Myers
Tobacco Co.

*What a whale of a difference
just a few cents make!*

FATIMA